

Sing About Me

Papas Fritas

Walking down the street and I'm feeling a little insane
I can't believe that you still can't remember my name
You say you want to hold me tight
If I hear you, I'll be all right, boy
You gotta sing about me Come on boy, sing about me
I'm so tired of making up, promises breaking up, now that I'm waking up Spending all my time with the jukebox
feeling so blue
(I'm feeling sort of blue)
I don't understand why you don't know what you should do
(Don't know what you should do)
(Times have changed) I want to listen to something I believe
(Times have changed) You say you're special, special I should see
(Times have changed) The only ones to count are those that sing about me
Dancing in my sleep and your still knocking on my door
Starting to think that you can't help being a bore
(Times have changed) You say I'm running you around
(Times have changed) Do you hear the words I'm saying now
I'm so tired of waiting and I can't be debating, you know that you gotta be
gotta be, gotta be, gotta be
gotta be. You gotta sing about me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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